THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY, 1877. NO. 8.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont. The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost.

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows:

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, the Bucolics, and six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, to the VIIth Chapter.

GREEK—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books.

Ancient and Modern Geography.

Arithmetic; Algebra to Equations of the Second Degree, and three books of Loomis' Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—Latin Grammar (Harkness), Livy (Lincoln's Selections), Cicero De Senectute and De Amicitia (Chase & Stuart), Horace's Odes and Epodes (Macleane), Homer's Odyssey (Merry), Herodotus and Thucydides, (Mather), Xenophon's Memorabilia (Robbins), Latin Prose Composition (Arnold), Greek Prose Composition (Jones), Classical History and Antiquity, Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb (Hadley and Goodwin), Algebra (Davies' Bourdon), Geometry (Loomis).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires [Macleane], Cicero, De Officiis, or Tusculan Disputations [Chase], Tacitus Histories, or Germania and Agricola [Tyler], Sophocles, Lysias, Aristophanes, Exercises in Writing Latin and Greek, German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Analytical Geometry [Loomis], Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical; Mensuration; Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation [Loomis], Calculus [Loomis], Trench's Study of Words, and English Past and Present, Rhetoric [Hart], Physiology [Dalton].

JUNIOR CLASS.—Quintilian [Frieze], Select Plays of Terence [Davies], or Satires of Juvenal [Escott], German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Natural Philosophy [Snell's Olmstead], Astronomy]Loomis], Chemistry [Elliot and Storer], Botany [Gray], Rhetoric [Whately], Logic [Jevons], Evidences of Christianity [Paley].

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy [Perry], International Law [Woolsey], History of Civilization [Guizot], Butler's Analogy, Fine Art [Torrey], Natural Theology [Paley], Intellectual Philosophy [Porter], Moral Science [Alexander, Peabody], History of Grecian Philosophy, Geology [Dana], Zoology [Tenney], English Literature [Taine], Forensic Discussions, Review of the Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty, supplementing the text book and giving in concise form the latest investigations.

The Cabinet and Museum contains a large number of specimens, and is designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains over 12,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement.

There are also valuable Libraries belonging to the Philomathesian and Philadelphian Societies.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has all the more important English and American periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

A well appointed Laboratory, with a separate desk for each student, furnishes unusual facilities for the study of Chemistry.

In Botany and Geology numerous expeditions into the surrounding country are organized. In Botany, each student is required to prepare a herbarium containing at least seventy-five specimens, and a prize is offered for the largest and best collection.

There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments. These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

CALENDAR.

1877.	Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society,	June 24.
	Examination for Admission,	June 25.
	Alumni Day,	June 26.
	Commencement,	June 27.
	College year begins	Sept. 6.

For Catalogue and any information, address the President,

C. B. HULBERT, D. D.,

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MIDDLEBURY, VT.

The Undergraduate.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY, 1877. NO. 8.

MAY-SONG.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.]

How Nature grand
Doth shine on me!
How glists the sun!
How laughs the lea!

From ev'ry bough
The bloom out-pushes,
And countless voices
From out the bushes;

And bliss and glee
From ev'ry breast.
O earth and sun,
O joy and rest!

RECENT GERMAN POETRY—FREILIGRATH.

American readers seem quite generally unfamiliar with the recent literature of Germany. This unfamiliarity is somewhat surprising, when we consider the exalted position which, for many years, German scholarship and thought have occupied in the estimation of our cultured classes. Since Carlyle began to be famous it has been quite the fashion, following his lead, to treat all the productions of the Teutonic intellect with deference. It is, then, rather surprising that, while in science and philosophy we hear constant reference to Haeckel, and Helmholtz, Feuerbach and Ulrici, as well as to the older masters, Leibnitz, Hegel and Kant, yet in literature we seem seldom to come down beyond Lessing, Goethe and Schiller. Matthew Arnold's essays have done something toward making English readers acquainted with Heine, and the music of Mendelssohn and Schumann has introduced his lyrics to a wide circle of admirers. But Lenau and Geibel, Von Fallersleben and Herwegh, Freiligrath and Anastasius Gruen seem strangers to English or at least to American ears. In this unfamiliarity, I doubt not, we in America are but children of the mother country. In spite of her Germanic ancestry and her Hanoverian regnant dynasty, England is much more French than German in its affinities. While, then, Science and speculation are compelled to be cosmopolitan, and take cognizance of the recent German works, literary taste is always eclectic, and English readers more naturally turn for their foreign literature to France than to Germany. French plays, French novels and French poems circulate almost as largely in England as at home. German literature on the other hand is chiefly known in the classic masters, and in recent scientific and speculative writings. It is to be regretted that the modern German mind is thus only presented to us on its metaphysical and analytic side. For I believe that the chief significance of the German intellect and the German literature of to-day is to be found in their poetic and imaginative power, in the æsthetic flavor of their thought and style. It has been well said of late that the very qualities in the German language which to a certain degree unfit it for philosophical accuracy, make it all the more the language of poetry, and expression. Its startling facility in the employment of metaphor, the peculiar intensity which it throws into its word compounds, (giving a condensed energy which baffles the English translator and drives him with chagrin into the dilution of some long circumlocution)—these, and other qualities, which I cannot here dwell upon, make the German language a pliant medium for the delivery of every grade and shade of emotional fervor or poetic meditation. High sentiment, ardent love for home and the fatherland, keenness of social feeling, an exalted ideal of honor and truth, and a sparkling and fervid enthusiasm for all endeared aims and objects, are the prominent characterist-

ics of the German spirit, and these are destined to make Germany more a land of poetry and sentiment than of philosophy and learning.

This German spirit may be found at its best, of course, in the works of the great classic masters of German literature, and their acquaintance should be earliest made and longest kept up. But we suffer a serious loss, I believe, in not also bringing ourselves into closer connection with more recent and contemporary writers, and thus keeping near and fresh to us the literary life and growth of the German nation. The increasing size and importance of the Teutonic population of this country may yet do much toward opening such a connection. This influence may indeed do more for us than England's nearness to the continent does for her. How much we now come short of such a connection, however, appears in the fact that within the past year there have died in Germany two poets, whose death caused as profound a sensation throughout the land, as the death of Longfellow and Whittier would cause in every American home; yet I have not seen in any English or American publication any attempt toward a fitting commemoration of the life and writings of either Ferdinand Freiligrath or Anastasius Gruen, the writers referred to. This is not the place to undertake such a memorial; yet I cannot better vindicate the claims of recent German poetry upon a fuller public recognition than by offering a brief outline of the life and writings of one of these authors, selecting the one whose death was first in time, Freiligrath, — while I hope at some future time to attempt a similar service for Anastasius Gruen.

Freiligrath was born June 17, 1810 and died March 18, 1876. His native city was Detmold, capital of the little province of Lippe-Detmold, a dependency of Prussia and afterward absorbed by that power. Freiligrath's father's meagre salary as a teacher in the public schools did not allow him to give his son a University education. Our poet thus stands as a so-called "self-made man" in contrast with most of the German *literati*. Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Koerner, Heine, all the master minds in the nation's literature had passed through the arduous training and enjoyed the enlarged culture of the German Universities. Hence it comes that the poetic and imaginative literature of Germany has a flavor of learning and classicality beyond that of any other nation. But Freiligrath, like Burns and Dickens, began his literary career as a struggler against adverse circumstances; and he acquired his wide familiarity with the learning and literature of the world in despite rather than by the aid of extraneous circumstances.

Leaving school at the age of fifteen he served a five years' apprenticeship to the mercantile profession, after which he obtained a position in an Amsterdam house and continued in mercantile life for eight years more, until 1839. But during all this time he continued the practice of poetical and literary composition, and in 1835 his first published poem appeared in the "German Poets' Calender," soon after which his writings were received with eager approval throughout all Germany. In 1839, encouraged by his literary friends, he gave up the mercantile life, devoted himself to his favorite studies of *belle-lettres* and began to live by his pen. Two years later he married and settled in St. Goar on the Rhine, and lived there the few happiest years of his life, unburdened by pecuniary care or uncongenial duties, and free to devote himself to the pursuits which he loved and the joys of social and domestic life.

About this time however Freiligrath began to imbibe a strong interest in the ideas and aims of European Liberalism. The great political excitement of 1846-50 was now spreading through the continent. Freiligrath, with others of the best minds in Germany, enlisted heart and soul in the Liberal party. He quickly came into dangerous notice, and in 1845 he was obliged to flee from Germany for safety. He passed two years in exile, but when in 1848 the Revolutionary party rose in arms, Freiligrath hastened back to Germany. He took part in the brief and unsuccessful struggle which was so soon crushed by the energetic movements of the Prussian govern-

ment and the perfect discipline of its army. After the rebellion was over, Freiligrath, not feeling at ease under the restored regime, soon went to London where he again entered into mercantile life, finding employment in a commercial house, but actively continuing his devotion to the Muses in his leisure hours. Here he lived until 1868. At this time the financial failure of the firm for which he had labored for many years, swept away all his earnings and reduced him to penury. When now it became known that Freiligrath, the beloved poet, in his advanced age and with a family of five children, was left in destitution in a foreign land, a movement was started which does great credit to the heart of the German people. A large sum of money was raised by a subscription in which all classes joined throughout Germany; and the "Freiligrath fund" thus established was sufficient to enable the poet to return to his fatherland, and here he lived until his death one year ago.

The first collected edition of Freiligrath's poems was published in New York, by F. Gerhardt, in six volumes, containing many pieces which on account of their revolutionary character had been suppressed by the government at home. His poems have now run through thirty editions in Germany — a fact which indicates their immense popularity. His writings naturally fall into three general classes. First are the sentimental lyrics, love-songs, reminiscences of his happy wooing time, and pictures of emotion and affection. Among the best known of these are the poems "The Answer," "Rest in the Beloved," "Thou callest me a Birdcatcher," "The Revenge of the Flowers," and "O love, so long as love has power." This latter poem Dr. Buchheim pronounces "the poets' most thoroughly lyrical production," and characterizes it as the "Hymn of Love in the purest sense of the word." It is an appeal to the affectionate, or, as Emerson calls it, the "celestial" Love, in distinction from passionate emotion. The opening stanza reappears in the middle and at the close of the lyric, thus forming a sort of refrain round which the other verses are grouped. This refrain

O love, so long as love has power!
O love, whilst thou thy love may'st keep!
There comes, alas, there comes an hour
When by a grave thou'lt stand and weep!

has become a familiar quotation on the lips of every one in Germany. It was repeated by one of the speakers at the poet's grave, with the remark, "That hour has come for us to-day," and the familiar words

O lieb', so lang du lieben kannst!

called forth sobs from the entire vast throng of listeners.

The following lines from the poem "Thou callest me a Birdcatcher" may give some idea of the tenderness and delicate suggestiveness of the poet's style.

O be my dove, that with a joyous flight
About my brow wilt hover at my call;
Wilt nestle in my breast with glad delight;—
That be the spot to it most dear of all!

O be my lark, that on resplendent wing
Wilt soar for me up to the sun above,
And from the heavens' golden portal bring
Down to my soul its blessed songs of love!

And in deep vales, where lindens rustle low,
There—best of all—my nightingale appear!
There let me list thy sweet voice trembling low,
And the glad marvel of thy music hear!

The second class of Freiligrath's lyrics comprise pictures of Oriental and tropical life. In this class of poems his vivid imagination and poetical fervor reveled in wild and fantastic descriptions which have caused him to be compared to Victor Hugo. His pieces of this class, although the field had been partially touched upon by Goethe's "West-Easterly Divan", were yet on the whole a novelty for the German people. And their fascinating power kindled an enthusiasm among his countrymen similar to that caused by the appearance of Byron's Hebrew Lyrics and Oriental Poems, or Moore's Persian legends in England. These lyrics remain to-day among the most popular in Germany and are especial favorites with the young. Among the most characteristic of this class may be named "The Lion's Ride," "The Moorish Prince" and "Were I in the spell of Mecca's gates." No extracts, above all no translation can give an adequate expres-

sion of the glowing imagery and tropical warmth of these poems.

But it is the politico-lyrics — which form the third division of his poems — which have doubtless most endeared Freiligrath to his countrymen at large. His tender sympathy with the oppressed, his indignation at every form of injustice, his enthusiastic faith in the triumph of the principles of humanity and freedom, these are qualities which have made him, to quote again Dr. Buchheim, "the Poet Laureate of the German People." Besides his original compositions he translated many French, Italian and English poems into German verse. Among the more important of the latter may be mentioned Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

As an author he confined himself to one department of poetry — the lyric. His constant struggles with political or pecuniary adversity hardly gave him leisure for the composition of more extended works. But in his lyrics he has shown a vigor of intellect, a depth of feeling, and a richness of color in descriptive writing, which give him a high rank among recent writers, and one that time is not likely to obscure.

Prof. E. H. Higley.

PERDITA.

Have you ever perused Shakspeare's "Winter's Tale?" If so, I believe you must have been interested in and pleased with Perdita. And why? Now see if I can tell.

In the first place, you were highly pleased with her mother, Hermione, that noble, pure and innocent queen. You admired her beauty, her grace and simplicity. You applauded her firmness, you rejoiced in her victories and sympathized in all her sorrows. And you saw her when she was so inhumanly cast into prison; you saw her humility and meekness; and how she seemed to gain strength in her affliction. And in that lonely dungeon, under such sad circumstances, the idol of your heart, little Perdita, was born. Then it was that you heard that terrible command of Leontes, her own father, for her destruction. You shuddered, you trembled and grew pale; you entreated with all the energy of those friends and lords that her life might be spared. How your heart leaped for joy when you believed your entreaty was answered, and then how you mourned when the decree came that she must be carried to some remote and deserted place and there left without mercy or protection! It was too cruel, you said, but all you could do was to pronounce your blessing and benediction with those of the mothers, and leave her to her sad fate. You thought her lost and you mourned your loss.

But again you were pleased, when you saw that kind-hearted shepherd, on that far distant shore, as he found that little charming creature lying on the ground! How pleased you were to see him take her to his home! How you laud him because he so tenderly caressed and nursed her! How approvingly you looked upon her as she grew! How much you loved and praised her! You watched with her the flocks; you engaged in all her sports and frolicked o'er the fields. You saw her then as the budding plant; you saw her soon as the sweet blooming flower. You at once became her admirer and suitor; the more you gazed the more were you charmed; the more she smiled the more you wanted; you dared the one who sought your jewel; you did not want to give her up. And only because they seemed so fitted to each other did you consent. You rejoiced in their union and saw your idol happy and gay.

You were so charmed with her beauty, sweetness and grace that you see her picture ever before you. You often dream of her and then 'tis always the same sweet face you see. You saw her as a shepherdess, but you were impressed as if she were one of the royal court. You admired the nobleness of her character and she seems to have implanted in your mind good ideas of nobility and culture. You praised the purity of her words and actions and she has made your thoughts pure and wholesome. You reverenced

her virtue and she has made you virtuous. You sought her innocence, you desired her faith, you coveted her feeling and she has exalted you to more purity of heart, more lasting and abiding faith and more Christian-like feeling.

And then again you enjoyed her style of speech, because it was so easy and smooth, and the sweet notes of her voice still linger on your ear. You were charmed with her pure affection, you were inspired by her dignity, you were ennobled by her truthfulness and the purity of her whole courtship. The nobleness of her character as a woman and wife exceedingly pleased you. You saw her pride, but you could not regard it as otherwise than noble; you saw her simplicity, but it was the simplicity of which the poet loves to sing; you saw her delicacy, and you thought it surpassed even the most delicate flower of spring; you saw her freedom of action and playfulness of nature, and both gave added charms.

Now I trust I have told you why you were pleased with Perdita. If I have not, I have, at least, told you why *I* was pleased. And yet I have not said *all*. No pen, I believe, *can* do it, because there is something which the pen cannot describe.

AGNES WICKFIELD.

Never has an author writtten that which shall endure in the hearts of the people, who has not esteemed that in the portrayal of female character he would find ample opportunity for the exercise of his highest and noblest genius. For this reason, from the time of Homer to the time of Tennyson, in poetry and prose, in history and romance, in the literature of every nation, we find that the expression of female character has been the favorite theme of the greatest authors.

Among the numberless women, ideal and real, whose story has been written, here and there shines a name that will never be forgotten, because it touches the heart and is true to life. Ruth, leaving her native land to follow her adopted mother; the wife of Ulysses, faithful for so many years to her absent husband; Portia, foiling the unnatural cruelty of Shylock, — when shall these fail to touch the noblest feelings of the heart and elevate the mind? But while others have presented women in grand, heroic and lofty characters, Charles Dickens alone has shown to us woman as the queen of home. Home means a great deal to those who speak the English tongue. It is the source of our great enlightenment as well as the place which we hold most dear and sacred on earth, and when we think of woman in her noblest place we think of her as the mistress and maker of home. What she is, what she should be in this place, Dickens has shown in his character of Agnes Wickfield, the heroine of *David Copperfield*.

In her youth, she is left without a mother, to be mistress of her father's house, a duty full of hardship and danger to her. No one can read without emotion the gentle, earnest, faithful pleading which saves her father from yielding to the terrible influence of that serpent, Uriah Heep, who is leading him on to ruin. And when Uriah and Mr. Wickfield are drinking together, and Mr. Wickfield has almost lost every manly feeling, even then the gentle voice of Agnes is enough to call him away. But not only as the faithful daughter is Agnes Wickfield attractive, but yet more so in her character of the constant friend. Woman's influence over man is immeasurable, whether it be for good or evil, yet many women seem to be careless how they exercise that influence, and some are false enough to say they do not know they possess it. But in the society of Agnes Wickfield we feel that our better nature is addressed and we are aroused to higher and nobler ambitions. A woman's highest mission — not her only mission — is in the sphere of wife and mother. So Dickens has created the character of Agnes that she seems to us most beautiful when she becomes the wife of David Copperfield. Dora could only hold the pens while her husband wrote. Agnes could help him in his work, while at the same time she kept his home attractive. For her

gentleness, then, for her kindness, for her charity, for every grace that we admire in woman, will the character of Agnes Wickfield be dear to all those who love the true and beautiful, for many future years. And of such women will men say, as David Copperfield said of Agnes, "So may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed; so may I, when realities are melting from me like shadows, still find thee near me, pointing upward."

THE ANIMOSITY BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

Will the unending strife between the North and the South ever cease and the two be blended in one and united into a perfect and harmonious whole? This is one of the many important questions of the day and one which only time can solve. This animosity is but the renewal of a bitter feeling, which has existed from the dawn of civilization, between the races of the north and the south of Europe. In other words, between the descendants of the Teuton and the Roman. Why these two should be thus at enmity with each other we know not. Much of this enmity without doubt arises from the different natures of which each is possessed. Noticing some of the leading characteristics of each, we find the Roman to be of a hot, fiery disposition, haughty, jealous, revengeful and fond of ease and luxury.

On the other hand, the Teuton we find to be of an independent spirit, slow to anger, cool and calculating, preferring the good and true rather than the fleeting and frivolous. The Roman pursued with zeal the study of oratory. His taste for sculpture, painting, poetry and music was highly developed, while the Teuton followed only the sterner pursuits of war and the chase. Catholicism prevailed in the South, while Protestantism had its rise and flourished in the North. Crossing the Atlantic again, we find the states of the north settled principally by the descendants of the Teuton, the South chiefly by those of the Roman: though Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia were settled by the English, yet they were of that chivalric class which possessed the traits of the Roman rather than those of the genuine Teuton. The Southerner of to-day is characterized by many of those traits that marked the ancient Roman; the same haughty spirit, the same hot, fiery disposition, and the same fondness of ease and comfort. The people of the North are more after the ancient Teutonic stamp. They have a fondness for freedom, an energetic and independent spirit that ill brooks any pretended superiority. Much of this feeling is produced by an insufficient knowledge of each other's peculiarities. Each is strongly prejudiced against the other. The Northerner views the Southerner not as he is, but as the eyes of prejudice represent him. So the Southerner, the Northerner. Both are too ready to believe the idle reports that are always in circulation. Neither seems to understand the true nature of the other. Slavery, for a long time, was a subject of contention and supplied the feud between the two with fuel. The late war widened the breach already existing. Both of these are now things of the past. The policy of the present administration, if carried out, will have a tendency to bring the two into a closer fellowship. Each is coming to know the other better. Indeed, have we not reason to hope, as civilization advances, and each acquires a broader and a more sympathetic culture, that the two races, not only in Europe but in America, may come to understand and appreciate one another better and lay aside forever the bitter antagonism of the past?

There is no other month in the year to which so much poor poetry is dedicated as to this present month of May. Probably there is not, in all the ways of wasting time known to man, another one in which so much of it is thrown away as in this same work of writing rhymes, the evidence of which is now appearing in the "poet's corners" of the country newspapers. The time thus annually wasted would suffice, in a joint effort, to saw all the wood in the world and build a dozen Towers of Babel.

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, MAY, 1877.

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EDITORIAL.

IT IS most particularly desirable and desired that all persons who wish to have their subscriptions renewed and who have not already notified us of the fact will let us know it at once. If THE UNDERGRADUATE is to continue in existence beyond the present year those of the Alumni who are willing to support it to the extent of a subscription at one dollar the year must so inform us before the next issue of the paper. Some of the graduates residing abroad have already done so and we beseech the rest to follow that example immediately. We shall not incur any debts which cannot be paid, and hence we call for this information. Such persons, then, as find this issue of their paper ornamented with a red line mark are to understand thereby that we want to know whether or not they intend to pay for the paper for the time it has been sent them, or, if they have already done that, whether or not they will continue their names on the subscription list and send on the money by the time it is due. If these old debts are paid and the renewals are made in respectable numbers, the paper has a long life yet to live; if not, not.

WITH the return of spring there was not as in other years any corresponding return of students from their winter schools. This is quite an important change, especially to the students themselves. For there is really a good deal of fun in teaching a district school through the winter and in coming home in spring with your pocket full of money. The numerous and unalloyed delights of boarding around have been written in loving language many a time, and many and many a time, we doubt not, has the tear of regret sprung into the eyes at the remembrance of the bright and brilliant little "household pet" whose room you used to share. And then, the sausages and souse, the griddle cakes and cheese, the pumpkin pies and fried-cakes,—oh, heavens, where are they? Gone, all gone from the students of this college; gone forever and aye!

We pity the future students of Middlebury College, and of every college where they have shut down or where they shall shut down on winter teaching. The college man who goes out into the world without having brought his ferule down in a country school-house is entirely innocent of the joys of life. No man can ever know pleasure until he has eaten the fried-cakes and souse of the country districts. Alas, then alas! for the denizens of Painter hall in the days that are yet to come. Alas! ah yes, alas!

WE INVITE the attention of the young men in the preparatory schools throughout the state to the editorial article published in the last number of this paper on the comparative efficiency of the education obtained at Middlebury and that obtained at other American colleges. Of course we do not deny that there are some things which can be studied more advantageously at the larger colleges, but the reverse of this is more often true. Hence there is no good reason why Vermont students who really wish for a solid education should go to get it outside of the state.

It may not be improper here to say a few words about Middlebury itself. The town, as is very well known, is not surpassed nor equalled in beauty of scenery by any town in Vermont—no,

not by any in the Eastern states. Moreover, Middlebury is much the most cultured place in Vermont. There are more men of education here than in any other town, or any city, in the state, no exceptions being made on account of size. The social advantages are far superior to those of most of the New England colleges, and are certainly much better than those of Hanover. The college buildings stand in the midst of a large and splendid park, and this park itself is acknowledged to be the finest college park in all New England. There is plenty of chance for every necessary recreation; hunting, fishing, riding, driving, boating and everything of the kind. Why, then, not come here to be educated? Take a little good advice, boys, and when next fall you start for college, be sure that your baggage is checked for Middlebury!

Wouldn't it be nice if some time during Commencement week every year we could have a little boat race on the river? It is very true that we have no regularly organized and thoroughly-drilled crews, but we have the elements of them and that is all that is needed at first. The several societies have boats of their own and are supposed to have crews for them. If they have not the crews they have men enough from whom to organize them, and then, after a little practice each year, what would there be to hinder a race? Lack of racing shells? That could be easily provided for, because the Alumni members of each society would probably readily help to purchase the boats. What then is there to hinder a race? Nothing!

And if we only could have a boat race every year, say on the Monday before Commencement day, what lots of sport there would be! How the people would flock in in millions from the country 'round to show their Sunday clothes and see the fun! What an exquisite revenge some fellow who had been "plucked" at annuals might have when every body *knew* that *he* was the one who saved his crew and won the race! Latin and Analytics indeed! What would *they* amount to, if a fellow could only be the best oar in his boat and his boat the best on the river? Wouldn't he be the hero of the hour, when the professors who had plucked him would be unnoticed?

We are sorry to say, however, that on thinking the matter over further we find a serious objection. We can't help seeing that if these inter-society boat-races should be established, we should soon have a college crew, and they'd be going and entering inter-collegiate contests, and — whoop!— coming in first best; and then of course they'd go and challenge Oxford and Cambridge, and unless the challenge was declined, they'd have to go to the Thames or the Cam and — great heavens!— there, in sight of all the eye-glasses of England they'd beat the bloody English oarsmen in their own game, upon their own waters. Now, we can't bear to think of such a thing! We can't stand thinking of Middlebury's having the champion boat-crew of the college world! No, we can't have any races here!

In the old, old days

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young,"

it must have been to students of all sorts a time of pure delight. Or it must have been so at least unless Miss Music was, like other people, most noisy in her childhood. If so, God's pity on the students of that time! But we are rather inclined to believe that the maid grew noisier as she grew older, so that now, in the fulness of time, we catch the worst of her squalls. The gentle maid is squalling her worst when she is squalling through the nozzle of a leaky B-flat cornet assisted by a willing but not skilful blower, having also in the crowd another youth of like description making vain and frantic endeavors to induce the gentle lady from the bowels of a shrieking bass horn whereof he has no jot of control, and the two aided and abetted by another of like lofty aspirations who is recklessly squeezing the juice out of some one-stringd fiddle which ought to have been pensioned long ago. Add to these a fourth young genius and seat him at a piano which is the very first that ever tortured the human race, which must have

come down from times centuries before the birth of Adam, and if Miss Music won't give you a breeze just then, it's because you're totally deaf.

Well, that's just what we, a student, studying, have to endure. If we go up into the reading-room to escape the din, the same may be repeated there. Some one is *always* drumming on that organ down stairs, and sometimes the results obtained are awful. The strains will often consist of six shrieks and three groans followed by a long, unearthly howl. At other times, "The Ninety and Nine," "Hold the Fort," "Old Hundred," etc., will be rapidly followed by "Silver hairs among the Gold," "I'll never kiss my love again," "Shoo, fly, don't bodder me," "Little Brown Jug," et cætera, et cætera. And in addition to the struggles on the organ, there is often thrown in the awful agony of a human voice, devoid of music, trying to sing! And this goes on day after day, and in anguish do we wail, "How long, *O* Lord! how long!" Then cometh the answer back — Forever!

It seems to be now pretty well understood that the Senior Class will make no attempt to prevent the award of the Ware medal this year, and very likely they would not succeed if they did. Whether they ought to succeed if they tried, or whether the class ought to have succeeded last year, is a question which we now propose to discuss.

We do not profess to know that the Class of '76 had any other grounds for their action with regard to this prize than the reason which its members assigned. This reason was that they did not desire to have any jealousy or strife among themselves, and this was a very excellent feeling indeed, although, we think, it was rather tardily shown. If this feeling had exhibited itself earlier in the course and had led the class to petition that *all* college distinctions might be done away with, then their great love for each other would have shown itself in all its strength. We think therefore that as they did not make such an attempt earlier in their college life, they would have done much the wiser and more consistent thing had they graduated as they started. For, while the object of the class was to erase all distinctions between members at its last appearance as a college class, it is easy to see that that object was not gained. How could it be, pray, when programmes were distributed on Commencement day in which certain ones of the class were honorably designated in distinction from their fellows? And when these men were summoned upon the stage to deliver their orations, they were called by these honorable designations. Thus, although the Ware prize was withdrawn for the once, these other modes of distinction were left and employed.

But they might have had other reasons which they did not choose to give. Some of them might have thought, as we have heard said, that prizes in elocution and oratory are not always *given* for elocution and oratory. To some, they sometimes seem to be given on account of poverty or personal affliction, and sometimes again a prize which ought to be given for oratory alone appears to be given as a kind of reward of merit for piety. Now, piety, in its place, is the very best thing in the world, and yet it is hardly the standard by which to measure eloquence. Indeed so little are the two connected that the grandest eloquence and the greatest indecency, the rankest infidelity, go often hand in hand; example, Bob Ingersoll. But we have heard it said that prizes have ere now been given for piety, and perhaps '76 thought it might be repeated; so, not trusting their orthodoxy, they were each afraid they would lose the prize, and therefore had it withdrawn. The class, again, may have known such things to happen as the poorest speaker and writer both carrying off the honors from all his superiors. So they might each of them have reasoned thus: "Now, I am not the worst speaker in my class, I know, so I can't get the medal; then I'll vote to have it withdrawn."

But whatever motive may have actuated the class of '76 in this matter, the present Seniors have not seen fit to follow their example, and the medal will be awarded this year again.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Only one more issue of THE UNDERGRADUATE this term.

The Seniors are making extensive geological researches.

The dancing school closed with a very pleasant hop in Negus' hall.

Col. Knapp has been elected to serve as Marshal during Commencement.

The *Opera Bouffe*, under Prof. Higley's direction, was an immense success.

The Middlebury Band will furnish the street music for Commencement week.

There are weddings and rumors of weddings, no less than five being planned for June 27.

Nearly all of the Senior class have employed Burlington artists to do their "class photo" business.

The "Chip and Hungry" at Negus' hall was as usual an enjoyable affair. What should we do without them?

The lecture by Kit Carson, Jr., was listened to by a small but very appreciative audience. The shooting was good.

All Alumni attending the Commencement exercises are requested to register their names at N. F. Rider's drug-store.

The Sophs are planning an expedition to Lake Dunmore very soon, — to perfect themselves in the art of coast surveying.

The Senior class are to have no afternoon recitations during the last half of the term, to enable them to prepare their orations.

The Seniors have protested vigorously and successfully against a contemplated repetition of last fall's examinations in Psychology.

It is reported that Painter hall is to undergo very extensive repairs during the summer vacation, part of the lower floor being appropriated for a gymnasium.

It should be remembered by all concerned that Commencement comes about three weeks earlier this year than last. Commencement day will be the 27th of June.

The promenade concert to be given on Commencement night by the graduating class will undoubtedly be the most splendid thing of the kind ever known in Middlebury.

The next Freshman class bids fair to excel, at least in number, any class in college. Ten students in the fitting school will soon be trembling on the anxious seat, and the reports from abroad are favorable. Class of '80 beware!

The editors of this paper for the college year 1876-'77, in conjunction with the financial committee of THE UNDERGRADUATE publishing association, are going to have a jolly supper and ride as soon as the last number for the term is published.

Spruce young Senior reading paper in a crowd. Unknown gentleman of color approaches near and gazes earnestly into his face. Senior (fiercely) — "What the deuce are you looking at?" Gentleman of color (still gazing him straight in the eyes) — "Nothin' in partic'lar." Crowd laughs loudly, and "Nothin' in partic'lar" sets up the be— cigars!

The art lecture by Prof. Marsh, of Burlington, at Academy hall, was a treat which our people seldom receive. The audience, although not as large as might have been expected, was composed of the most appreciative portion of our town. Mr. Marsh understands thoroughly his subject and handles it with all the talent of a thorough scholar.

Professor. — "Mr. P., you were absent from recitation yesterday; what excuse have you for that?" Mr. P. — "I was sick, sir." Prof. — "Sick? Why, I saw you going down town as I was coming up. You seemed to be very lively on your legs." Mr. P. — "Yes, I was going down street, but that don't show I wasn't sick; you see, sir, a man don't study with his feet."

PERSONALS.

'23. Hon. Elon Farnsworth died last month at Detroit, Mich. He has for a long time been one of the most prominent men in Michigan, and had lived in Detroit more than fifty years. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature, and was also Chancellor of the Territory. He was appointed Attorney-General of the State in 1836 and held that office seven years, resigning it in 1843. He was nominated for Governor by the Democratic party in 1839, but his Whig competitor was elected by a small majority. He was president of the Detroit Savings Bank from 1849 up to the time of his death.

'37. Rev. Rufus S. Cushman, D. D., of Manchester, is seriously ill.

'38. The Ogdensburg *Daily Journal* for May 4th has this: "Bishop Wadhams returned from his trip to Europe last night and met a warm reception from his people, who heartily welcomed him home. Religious services were held at St. Mary's, with a large attendance. In the course of the evening he received two serenades, one from the City Band and the other from the Lafayette Band. Both were very pleasant, and were an indication of the esteem and reverence in which he is held by his townsmen."

'42. Columbus Smith, Esq., of Salisbury, has returned from his western tour.

'45. J. Adams Allen, M. D., LL. D., has been elected to the presidency of Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill., in which institution he has been professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine for several years. The Chicago *Tribune* says: "The honor is a mutual one, and it will be equally gratifying to the many friends of Dr. Allen and the College."

'56. Prof. Moses Marston, of the University of Minnesota, delivered an address on Wednesday evening, April 11, before the literary societies of the Universalist church of Minneapolis. The address was very favorably received.

'57. Judge W. C. Dunton, of Rutland, has gone to Virginia on a pleasure tour.

'58. Charles S. Colburn, Esq., who has been practicing law for some years in New York city, has been compelled by the illness of his father to take up his residence in Pittsford, where he recently opened a law office. He was also elected town clerk a short time ago.

'59. Rev. M. L. Severance, of Orwell, was in town a short time since and paid the College a visit.

'59. Rev. S. R. Blake, of Manchester, N. H., will deliver the address before the Philadelphian society this year.

'60. Rev. J. K. Williams, pastor of the West Rutland Congregational church, has had more than a hundred persons unite with his church during the past year.

'62. Col. Aldace F. Walker is to deliver the address before the Associated Alumni, on the 22d of June.

'67. George E. Lawrence has been re-elected judge of the municipal court of Rutland.

'70. S. A. Giffin, Esq., of Ludlow, is the father of a baby boy, which was born on the 17th of April.

'71. Prof. Walter E. Howard, of the Castleton Normal School, will be the poet of the Alumni this year.

'72. Rev. E. L. Walker has been re-assigned to the pastorship of the Bristol Methodist church by the Troy Conference.

'73. Webster Ingersoll has been assigned to the pastorship of the M. E. church at Ames, N. Y.

'75. Dr. Sheldon spent a few days in town recently.

'74. Rev. A. O. Spoor has been stationed by the Troy Conference at Hinesburgh.

'74. Dr. H. P. Boardman has taken up his residence at Cambridge Boro, where he will practice medicine.

'74. Allen G. Conant, who is studying law at Salem, N. Y., has been visiting in town for several weeks.

'75. Warren H. Hamilton is practicing medicine at Brandon.

'75. Rev. Lawrence Phelps has been engaged to preach for an indefinite period by the Congregational society of Ferrisburgh.

'76. E. H. Eastman has left West Rutland and is now teaching at Tyre, N. Y.

'76. W. S. Austin stopped in town part of a day, on his way home from his school for a short vacation, a short time ago.

'78. C. B. Goodrich has made an engagement to take charge of the West Randolph high school as principal for the coming year.

THE SANCTUM.

The *Golden Sheaf* disposes of its benevolence to all its exchanges alike. This may be kindness, but it isn't criticism. But the *Sheaf* probably thinks that this course will bring it good words in return.

We notice that some of our exchanges are inquiring after the whereabouts of the *Winnowings from the Mill!* We can give them the desired information. The thing died very suddenly last spring; disease — want of brains and lack of stamps. We wish for it dead the rest that living it never deserved.

The *Bowdoin Orient* has entered upon its seventh year, with a new editorial board in power. The first issue under the new management is not up to the average of the paper during the past year, but we find in it reason to believe that when the editors get somewhat used to their work the *Orient* will stand as high as ever.

The *University Herald* has changed editors, and we can assure the new board that it has work before it, and plenty of it, if the paper is to maintain the position which its merit has won. It seems only fair to let the new management get well at its work before we compare its abilities and success with those of the board which it succeeds.

The *Monthly Musings* for April has this: "Rev. Alvin B. Hurlbut, the new President of Middlebury (Vt.) College, in his inaugural address, Wednesday, congratulated the college on its location in these terms:" — going on with quite a long extract from the address. The *Musings* seems to be a little late with its news. We believe that the inaugural address was really delivered on a Wednesday, but that Wednesday occurred nearly two years ago. Perhaps we are wrong and the *Musings* right on this point, but there is one thing of which we are certainly sure, and that thing is, that no such person as the one mentioned is the president of this institution.

We have received No. 2 of the *Tilden Enterprise*, published by the young ladies of Tilden Seminary, West Lebanon, N. H. The contents of the *Enterprise* belie its name in a most emphatic manner. A great part of the matter is clipped from prominent publications, and the little that is original is little in worth as well as amount. The paper is very discreditable to the young ladies who send it out, and all the more so as it is issued only three times a year.

We have received a copy of the *Targum*, from Rutgers College. The paper is a good one, but perhaps a little too exclusively local to be of very much interest except at the college where it is published. As a local college paper, however, it is considerably the best on our exchange list. We call the attention of the exchange editor of the *Targum* to what we have to say to the *Neoterian*, as the two have taken us to task on the same grounds.

From the University of California we have received a couple numbers of the *Besom*, and our opinion is, that the *Besom* really *is* some. One of the copies received devotes three pages of editorials to complaints against the curriculum of the university, and we can't blame the paper for kicking against the idea of having *six* recitations daily. The *Besom*, as far as we have seen it, appears to be rather ahead of the *Berkeleyan*, published from the same institution.

We have already expressed our opinion of the *Colby Echo*. It is an excellent paper, really, although it is only three months old; but we find ourselves under the necessity of correcting an error which we find in the last number. The statement is therein made that Colby has undoubtedly sent out more successful teachers than any other college in the Eastern section of the country. Now, we beg the *Echo's* pardon, but that same honor belongs to Middlebury College, in the town of Middlebury, in the county of Addison, in the state of Vermont! Colby may claim the second place if she likes, but we can't allow her to say that she is entitled to the first.

We regret that the exchange editor of the *Neoterian* has found it convenient to misapprehend the application of an editorial which appeared in the March number of this paper, and on the strength of that misapprehension to treat us to a rather unfriendly lecture on the editorial duty. If the *Neoterian* had read the article in question to the end it need not have mistaken our meaning. It would have discovered that our words were addressed to a number of persons which was only small, who had found fault with statements and expressions contained in the literary department of this paper, and who had privately advised us that we ought not to have published them. Our article was mainly meant for a hint to those students that we should be happy to have them furnish us better things for publication if they could, and if not, to mind their own particular business and not ours. We did not mean that we were not responsible for the character of the articles published, for that would be nonsense. It was only meant that we could not control the workings of other men's minds, and were not responsible for the way they thought or for the light in which they read history, etc., etc. Only that, and nothing more.

PLUNDER.

Tutor in Mechanics — "What is time?" Soph — "I don't — why, yes; time's money." — *Ex.*

Found — a buckskin mitten. If the owner will leave the other at this office, he will greatly oblige the finder. — *Ex.*

"I live by my pen," said a poet, wishing to impress a young lady. "You look as if you lived *in* a pen," was her reply. — *Ex.*

Prof. (explaining the Malthusian theory) — "Now then, Mr. J., you will marry, and will get seven children." J. turns pale and exclaims in Shakspearian accents, "Marry, then, I will not." (Groans.) — *Ex.*

A Senior has evolved the following definitions of "wholes," which he proposes to add to those in Day's Art of Discourse: "A thought whole is an empty cranium. A spacial whole is a hole in space." — *Ex.*

Scene: College street. *Dramatis personæ:* Student and Prof. Student — "Professor, have you read Congressman ——'s last speech?" Prof. — "No, I have not." Student — "By thunder, you ought to." Terrific applause in the galleries. — *Ex.*

"How many of you are there?" asked a voice from an upper window, of a college serenading party. "Four," was the reply. "Divide that among you," said the fair one, as a bucket of slops fell like the gentle dew of heaven on those beneath. — *Ex.*

A brilliant Freshman entertaing friends from the country. One of them asks, "What are those poles with a crossbar on them set up on the ball grounds" (meaning the foot-ball goals)? Freshman — "There's where the Faculty hang the boys when they are 'suspended.'" — *Ex.*

Senior H. translates, "*Er bot der Aeltesten den arm, ich der Yungsten*," "He bore the older lady on his arm, I the younger." Prof. — "No, Mr. H—, you fail to get the force of '*bot*.' It is something you have done many a time." (Slight applause.) H. — "Oh! yes, I see; he embraced one, and I embraced the other." — *Ex.*

It is a strange but none the less well-established fact that all the students of '79 in the classical course, with a few exceptions, are remarkable for having either red or very light hair. It so happened in a Physics lecture that they all sat upon the same row of seats, when a witty Soph from behind called attention to the fact, and exclaimed, "Behold the 'light, fantastic *tow!*'" — *Ex.*

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